CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

Her MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By Mr. *ADDISON*

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

The EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON, at *Shakespear's-Head* over-against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*.

MDCCXIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

VERSES
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
TRAGEDY of *CATO.*

WHILE *you the Fierce divided* Britons *Awe,*
And Cato, *with an equal Virtue, draw,*
While Envy is it ſelf in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond Ambition of a Friend,
Who hopes himſelf not you, to recommend;
And joins th' Applauſe which all the Learn'd beſtow
On one to whom a perfect Work they owe.
To my * *light Scenes I once inſcrib'd Your Name,*
And impotently ſtrove to Borrow Fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy Name to mine,
Let me, then, live, join'd to a Work of Thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

* Tender Husband, *Dedicated to Mr.* Addiſon.

THO' Cato *ſhines in* Virgil's *Epick Song,*
Preſcribing Laws among th' Elyſian *Throng;*
Tho' Lucan's *Verſe, exalted by his Name,*
O'er Gods themſelves has rais'd the Heroe's Fame;
The Roman *Stage did ne'er his Image ſee,*
Drawn at full Length; a Task reſerv'd for Thee.
By thee we view the finiſh'd Figure riſe,
And awful march before our raviſh'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, aſſerting Virtue's Cauſe;
His Fate renew'd our deep Attention draws,
Excites by Turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.
On Tyber's *Banks thy Thought was firſt inſpir'd;*
'Twas there, to ſome indulgent Grove retir'd,
Rome's *ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind,*
Thy happy Muſe this manly Work deſign'd:
Or in a Dream thou ſaw'ſt Rome's *Genius ſtand,*
And, leading Cato *in his ſacred Hand,*
Point out th' immortal Subject of thy Lays,
And ask this Labour, to record his Praiſe.
'Tis done——the Heroe lives, and charms our Age!
While nobler Morals grace the Britiſh *Stage.*
Great Shakeſpear's *Ghoſt, the ſolemn Strain to hear,*
(Methinks I ſee the laurell'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the Scene, and wondring view
His Fav'rite Brutus *rivall'd thus by You.*
Such Roman *Greatneſs in each Action ſhines,*
Such Roman *Eloquence adorns your Lines,*

That

That ſure the Sybills *Books this Year foretold;*
And in ſome myſtick Leaf was ſeen inroll'd,
' Rome, *turn thy mournful Eyes from* Africk's *Shore,*
' *Nor in her Sands thy* Cato's *Tomb explore!*
' *When thrice Six hundred times the circling Sun*
' *His annual Race ſhall thro' the Zodiack run,*
' *An Iſle remote his Monument ſhall rear,*
' *And ev'ry generous* Briton *pay a Tear.*

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cato *then become*
A greater Name in Britain *than in* Rome?
Does Mankind Now admire his Virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil *wrote before?*
How will Poſterity this Truth explain?
" Cato *begins to live in* Anna's *Reign:*
The World's great Chiefs in Council or in Arms,
Riſe in your Lines with more exalted Charms;
Illuſtrious Deeds in diſtant Nations wrought,
And Virtues by departed Heroes taught;
Raiſe in your Soul a pure immortal Flame,
Adorn your Life, and conſecrate your Fame;
To your Renown all Ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar *fought, and* Cato *bled for you.*

All Souls College,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the Stage,
And raiſe the Thoughts of a degen'rate Age,
To ſhow, how endleſs Joys from Freedom ſpring:
How Life in Bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn Greatneſs of your Soul we view,
You tread the Paths frequented by the Few.
With ſo much Strength you write, and ſo much Eaſe,
Virtue, and Senſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet Crowds the Sentiments of ev'ry Line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the Work divine.
Ev'n the ſour Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the Heroe regularly riſe,
Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the Pleaſures, which they felt.
Not ſo the Fair their Paſſions ſecret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When glorioufly the blooming MARCUS dy'd,
And CATO told the Gods, I'm ſatisfy'd.
See! how your Lays the Britiſh Youth inflame!
They long to ſhoot, and ripen into Fame.
Applauding Theatres diſturb their Reſt,
And unborn CATO's heave in ev'ry Breaſt.
Their nightly Dreams, their daily Thoughts repeat,
And Pulſes high with fancy'd Glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian Spoils,
The young THEMISTOCLES vow'd equal Toils;

Did

Did then his Schemes of future Honours draw
From the long Triumphs, which with Tears he ſaw.
How ſhall I your unrival'd Worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading Circle of your Fame!
We ſaw you the great WILLIAM's *Praiſe rehearſe,*
And paint Britannia's *Joys in* Roman *Verſe.*
We heard at diſtance ſoft, enchanting Strains,
From blooming Mountains, *and* Italian *Plains.*
VIRGIL *began in* Engliſh *Dreſs to ſhine,*
His Voice, his Looks, his Grandeur ſtill Divine:
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful OVID *to our View.*
Then, the delightful Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
Th'immortal MARLB'ROUGH *was your daring Song.*
From Clime to Clime the mighty Victor flew,
From Clime to Clime as ſwiftly you purſue.
Still with the Heroe's glow'd the Poet's Flame,
Still with his Conqueſts you enlarg'd your Fame.
With boundleſs Raptures here the Muſe could ſwell,
And on your ROSAMOND *for ever dwell:*
There op'ning Sweets, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r
Luxuriant ſmile, a never-fading Bow'r.
Next, human Follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from Numbers but not ſink in Proſe:
Whether in viſionary Scenes you Play,
Refine our Taſtes, or laugh our Crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muſe you ſhine confeſt,
The Patriot kindles in the Poet's Breaſt.
Such Energy of Senſe might Pleaſure raiſe,
Tho' unembelliſh'd with the Charms of Phraſe:

Such Charms of Phraſe would with Succeſs be crown'd,
Tho' Nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious Sound.
The chaſteſt Virgin needs no Bluſhes fear,
The Learn'd themſelves, not uninſtructed, hear.
The Libertine, in Pleaſures us'd to roul,
And idly ſport with an immortal Soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful Thought.
When e'er you traverſe vaſt Numidia's *Plains,*
What ſluggiſh Briton *in his Iſle remains?*
When Juba *ſeeks the Tyger with Delight,*
We beat the Thicket, and provoke the Fight.
By the Deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling Eaſt-Wind pant with Heat.
What Eyes behold not, how the Stream refines,
Till by Degrees the floating Mirror ſhines?
While Hurricanes in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and ſweep whole Plains away,
We ſhrink with Horror, and confeſs our Fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding Ruin hear.
When purple Robes, diſtain'd with Blood, deceive,
And make poor MARCIA *beautifully Grieve,*
When ſhe her ſecret Thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the Woman, and her Flame reveals,
Well may the Prince exult with noble Pride,
Not for his Libyan *Crown, but* Roman *Bride.*
But I in vain on ſingle Features dwell,
While all the Parts of the fair Piece excell.
So rich the Store, ſo dubious is the Feaſt,
We know not, which to paſs, or which to taſte.

The

The ſhining Incidents ſo juſtly fall,
We may the whole, new Scenes of Tranſport call.
Thus Jewellers confound our wand'ring Eyes,
And with variety of Gemms ſurpriſe.
Here Sapphires, *here the* Sardian Stone *is ſeen,*
The Topaz *yellow, and the* Jaſper *green.*
The coſtly Brilliant *there, confus'dly bright,*
From num'rous Surfaces darts trembling Light.
The diff'rent Colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we ſtand, unable where to praiſe,
In Pleaſure ſweetly loſt ten thouſand Ways.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO *long hath Love engroſs'd* Britannia's *Stage,*
And ſunk to Softneſs all our Tragic Rage;
By that alone did Empires fall or riſe,
And Fate depended on a Fair One's Eyes:
The ſweet Infection, mixt with dang'rous Art,
Debas'd our Manhood, while it ſooth'd the Heart.
Thou ſcorn'ſt to raiſe a Grief thy ſelf muſt blame,
Nor from our Weakneſs ſteal'ſt a vulgar Fame:
A Patriot's Fall may juſtly melt the Mind,
And Tears flow Nobly, ſhed for all Mankind.
How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleaſure glow!
Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erflow,

When thy firm Hero ſtands beneath the Weight
Of all his Suff'rings venerably Great;
Rome's *poor Remains ſtill ſhelt'ring by his Side,*
With conſcious Virtue, and becoming Pride.
The aged Oak *thus rears his Head in Air,*
His Sap exhauſted, and his Branches bare;
Midſt Storms and Earthquakes he maintains his State,
Fixt deep in Earth, and faſten'd by his Weight:
His naked Boughs ſtill lend the Shepherds Aid,
And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.
Amidſt the Joys triumphant Peace beſtows,
Our Patriots ſudden at His glorious Woes,
Awhile they let the World's great Buſ'neſs wait,
Anxious for Rome, *and Sigh for* CATO's *Fate.*
Here taught how ancient Heroes roſe to Fame,
Our Britons *crowd, and catch the* Roman *Flame,*
Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
And Kings and Prieſts without a Bluſh appear.
France *boaſts no more, but, fearful to engage,*
Now firſt pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
Haſtes to learn thee, and learning ſhall ſubmit
Alike to Britiſh *Arms, and* Britiſh *Wit:*
No more ſhe'll wonder, (forc'd to do us Right)
Who Think like Romans *could like* Romans *Fight.*
Thy Oxford *ſmiles this glorious Work to ſee,*
And fondly triumphs in a Son like Thee.
The Senates, Conſuls, and the Gods of Rome,
Like old Acquaintance at their native Home,
In Thee we find: Each Deed, each Word expreſt,
And ev'ry Thought that ſwell'd a Roman *Breaſt.*

We

We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inſpire
With Virgil's *Judgment, and with* Lucan's *Fire;*
We know thy Worth, and——give us leave to boaſt,
We moſt admire, becauſe we know thee moſt.

Queen's-College,
Oxon. THO. TICKELL.

SIR,

WHEN your gen'rous Labour firſt I view'd,
And Cato's *Hands in his own Blood imbru'd;*
That Scene of Death ſo terrible appears,
My Soul could only thank you with her Tears.
Yet with ſuch wondrous Art your skilful Hand
Does all the Paſſions of the Soul command,
That even my Grief to Praiſe and Wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great Death which firſt I mourn'd.
What Pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful Strife,
Of Honour ſtrugling with the Love of Life?
Deſcribe the Patriot, obſtinately Good,
As hov'ring o'er Eternity he ſtood:
The wide, th' unbounded Ocean lay before
His piercing Sight, and Heav'n, the diſtant Shore.
Secure of endleſs Bliſs, with fearleſs Eyes,
He graſps the Dagger, and its Point deſies,
And ruſhes out of Life, to ſnatch the glorious Prize.
How would old Rome *rejoice, to hear you tell*
How juſt her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!

We *Recount*

Recount his wondrous Probity and Truth,
And form new Juba's *in the* Britiſh *Youth.*
Their gen'rous Souls, when He reſigns his Breath,
Are pleas'd with Ruin, and in Love with Death.
And when her conqu'ring Sword Britannia *draws,*
Reſolve to Periſh, or defend her Cauſe.
Now firſt on Albion's *Theatre we ſee,*
A perfect Image of what Man ſhould be;
The glorious Character is now expreſt,
Of Virtue dwelling in a human Breaſt.
Drawn at full Length by your Immortal Lines,
In Cato's *Soul, as in her Heav'n ſhe Shines.*

All-Souls College,
Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

Left

Left with the Printer by an Unknown Hand.

NOW we may ſpeak, ſince Cato *ſpeaks no more;*
'Tis Praiſe at length, 'twas Rapture all before;
When crouded Theatres with Iös *rung*
Sent to the Skies, from whence thy Genius ſprung:
Ev'n Civil Rage a while in thine was loſt;
And Factions ſtrove but to applaud thee moſt:
Nor could Enjoyment pall our longing Taſte;
But every Night was dearer than the laſt.
As when old Rome, *in a malignant Hour*
Depriv'd of ſome returning Conqueror,
Her Debt of Triumph to the Dead diſcharg'd,
For Fame, for Treaſure, and her Bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his Godlike Figure mov'd along,
Alternate Paſſions fir'd th' adoring Throng;
Tears flow'd from every Eye, and Shouts from every Tongue.
So in thy pompous Lines has Cato *far'd,*
Grac'd with an ample, though a late Reward:
A greater Victor we in Him revere;
A nobler Triumph crowns his Image here.
With Wonder, as with Pleaſure, we ſurvey
A Theme ſo ſcanty wrought into a Play;
So vaſt a Pile on ſuch Foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's *Temple rear'd on* Libia's *Waſte:*

Behold

Behold its glowing Paint! its eaſie Weight!
Its nice Proportions! and ſtupendous Height!
How chaſte the Conduct! how divine the Rage!
A Roman *Worthy on a* Grecian *Stage!*
But where ſhall Cato's *Praiſe begin or end;*
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmeſt Patriot, and the gentleſt Friend?
How great his Genius, when the Traytor Croud
Ready to ſtrike the Blow their Fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his Look, and liſtning to his Lore,
Learn, like his Paſſions, to rebel no more!
When, laviſh of his boiling Blood, to prove
The Cure of ſlaviſh Life, and ſlighted Love,
Brave Marcus *new in early Death appears,*
While Cato *counts his Wounds, and not his Years;*
Who, checking private Grief, the Publick mourns,
Commands the Pity he ſo greatly ſcorns.
But when he ſtrikes (to crown his generous Part)
That honeſt, ſtaunch, impractlicable Heart;
No Tears, no Sobs purſue his parting Breath;
The dying Roman *ſhames the Pomp of Death.*
O ſacred Freedom, which the Powers beſtow
To ſeaſon Bleſſings, and to ſoften Woe;
Plant of our Growth, and Aim of all our Cares,
The Toil of Ages, and the Crown of Wars:
If, taught by thee, thy Poet's Wit has flow'd
In Strains as precious as his Heroe's Blood;
Preſerve thoſe Strains, an everlaſting Charm
To keep that Blood, and thy Remembrance warm:

Be this thy Guardian Image ſtill ſecure;
In vain ſhall Force invade, or Fraud allure;
Our great Palladium *ſhall perform its Part,*
Fix'd and enſhrin'd in every Britiſh *Heart.*

THE Mind to Virtue is by Verſe ſubdu'd;
And the True Poet is a Publick Good.
This Britain *feels, while, by your Lines inſpir'd,*
Her Free-born Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome *had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd Cauſe,*
Enflam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws;
Your manly Scenes had Liberty reſtor'd,
And giv'n the juſt Succeſs to Cato's *Sword:*
O'er Cæſar's *Arms your Genius had prevail'd;*
And the Muſe triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *POPE*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raiſe the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conſcious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muſe firſt trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to ſtream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author ſhuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its Woe.
Here Tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous Cauſe,
Such Tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breaſts with Ancient Ardor riſe,
And calls forth Roman *Drops from* Britiſh *Eyes.*
Virtue confeſs'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato *Thought, and God-like* Cato *Was:*
No common Object to your Sight diſplays,
But what with Pleaſure Heav'n it ſelf ſurveys;
A brave Man ſtruggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato *gives his little Senate Laws,*
What Boſom beats not in his Country's Cauſe?

Who

PROLOGUE.

Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar *'midſt triumphal Cars,*
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly Vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *Figure drawn in State,*
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image paſt,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercaſt,
The Triumph ceas'd — Tears guſh'd from ev'ry Eye;
The World's great Victor paſt unheeded by;
Her Laſt good Man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæſar's *leſs than* Cato's *Sword.*

Britains *attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,*
And ſhow you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt Scorn the firſt fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning Arts from* Greece, *whom ſhe ſubdu'd;*
Our Scene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French *Tranſlation, and* Italian *Song.*
Dare to have Senſe your ſelves; Aſſert the Stage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh *Ear,*
As Cato's *ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

CATO.	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a Senator.*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *Prince of* Numidia.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *General of the* Numidians.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Powell.*
Marcus, *Sons of* Cato.	Mr. *Rian.*
Decius, *Ambaſſador from* Cæſar.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

Marcia, *Daughter to* Cato.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *Daughter to* Lucius.	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of* Utica.

CATO.

CATO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

PORTIUS.

THE Dawn is over-caſt, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, th' important Day; big with the Fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*.—— Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And cloſe the Scene of Blood. Already *Ceſar*
Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and ſupport his Crimes.

Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy ſteddy Temper, *Portius*,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Caſar*,
In the calm Lights of mild Philoſophy;
I'm tortured, even to Madneſs, when I think
On the proud Victor: ev'ry time he's named
Pharſalia riſes to my View!——I ſee
Th' Inſulting Tyrant, prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with *Rome*'s Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horſe's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not ſome choſen Curſe,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blaſt the Man,
Who owes his Greatneſs to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatneſs,
And mixt with too much Horrour to be envy'd:
How does the Luſtre of our Father's Actions,
Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightneſs!
His Suff'rings ſhine, and ſpread a Glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cauſe
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head;
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, and Pow'r uſurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can *Cato* do
Againſt a World, a baſe degen'rate World,
That court's the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Caſar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms

A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatneſs,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battels fought in vain.
By Heav'ns, ſuch Virtues, join'd with ſuch Succeſs,
Diſtract my very Soul: Our Father's Fortune
Wou'd almoſt tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us:
The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplext with Errors,
Our Underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewilder'd in the fruitleſs Search;
Nor ſees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the Regular Confuſion ends.

Marc. Theſe are Suggeſtions of a Mind at Eaſe:
Oh *Portius*, didſt thou taſte but half the Griefs
That wring my Soul, thou cou'dſt not talk thus coldly.
Paſſion unpity'd, and ſucceſleſs Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!——

Por. Thou ſee'ſt not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I muſt hide it, for I know thy Temper. [*Aſide.*
Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof:
Put forth thy utmoſt Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
On this weak Side, where moſt our Nature fails,
Would be a Conqueſt worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. Portius, the Council which I cannot take,
Inſtead of healing, but upbraids my Weakneſs.

Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickeſt Foes, and ruſh on certain Death,
Then ſhalt thou ſee that *Marcus* is not ſlow
To follow Glory, and confeſs his Father.
Love is not to be Reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high Ambition, and a Thirſt of Greatneſs;
'Tis ſecond Life, it grows into the Soul,
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulſe,
I feel it here: My Reſolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much Care he forms himſelf to Glory,
And breaks the Fierceneſs of his Native Temper
To copy out our Father's bright Example.
He loves our Siſter *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it:
But ſtill the ſmother'd Fondneſs burns within him.
When moſt it ſwells, and labours for a Vent,
The Senſe of Honour and Deſire of Fame
Drive the big Paſſion back into his Heart.
What! ſhall an *African*, ſhall *Juba*'s Heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s Son, and ſhow the World
A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. *Portius*, no more! your Words leave Stings behind 'em.
When-e're did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, ſhow
A Virtue that has caſt me at a Diſtance,
And thrown me out in the Purſuits of Honour?

Por. *Marcus*, I know thy gen'rous Temper well;
Fling but th' Appearance of Diſhonour on it,
It ſtrait takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilſt I ſpeak.——Do they not ſwim in Tears?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would ſee it Bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then doſt treat me with Rebukes, inſtead
Of kind condoling Cares, and friendly Sorrow?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to eaſe
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou beſt of Brothers, and thou beſt of Friends!
Pardon a weak diſtemper'd Soul, that ſwells
With ſudden Guſts, and ſinks as ſoon in Calms,
The Sport of Paſſions:——But *Sempronius* comes:
He muſt not find this Softneſs hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sempronius.

Semp. Conſpiracies no ſooner ſhou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth. I muſt diſſemble,
And ſpeak a Language foreign to my Heart. [*Aſide.*

Sempronius, Portius.

Good Morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilſt yet we both are free.
To-Morrow ſhou'd we thus expreſs our Friendſhip,

Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the laſt,
That e're ſhall riſe on *Roman* Liberty.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The Leavings of *Pharſalia*) to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the World to *Caſar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her Senate more than *Cato*'s Preſence.
His Virtues render our Aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Caſar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conqueſt: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Wou'd but thy Siſter *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows: I might be bleſs'd indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'dſt thou talk of Love
To *Marcia*, whilſt her Father's Life's in Danger?
Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling Veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I ſee the Wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd: Thou muſt take heed, my *Portius*!
The World has all its Eyes on *Cato*'s Son.
Thy Father's Merit ſets thee up to View,
And ſhows thee in the faireſt point of Light,
To make thy Virtues, or thy Faults, Conſpicuous.

Por. Well doſt thou ſeem to check my Lingring here
On this important Hour —— I'll ſtrait away,

And

And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In cloſe Debate, to weigh th' Events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of Life:
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cauſe,
And try to rouſe up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to Command Succeſs,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deſerve it. [*Exit.*

Sempronius *ſolus.*

Curſe on the Stripling! how he Ape's his Sire?
Ambitiouſly ſententious!——But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well diſpoſed to Miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Courſe.
——*Cato* has uſed me Ill: He has refuſed
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Beſides, his baffled Arms, and ruined Cauſe
Are Barrs to my Ambition. *Caſar*'s Favour,
That ſhow'rs down Greatneſs on his Friends, will raiſe me
To *Rome*'s firſt Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!——

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. —— *Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've founded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s Diſcipline,
And wait but the Command to change their Maſter.
Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no Time to waſte;
Ev'n whilſt we ſpeak, our Conqueror comes on,
And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not *Cæſar*'s active Soul,
With what a dreadful Courſe he ruſhes on
From War to War: In vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and Oceans to oppoſe his Paſſage;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his March:
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* ſink before him,
Through Winds, and Waves, and Storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the Battel: One Day more
Will ſet the Victor thundring at our Gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That ſtill wou'd recommend thee more to *Cæſar*,
And challenge better Terms.
Syph. Alas! he's loſt,
He's loſt, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full

Of

Of *Cato*'s Virtues:——But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry Inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn Principles
Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
And ſtruck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be ſure to preſs upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender, ſince his Father's Death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Caſar*'s Hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing Eyes, and will diſcern
Our Frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Paſſion ('tis the ſureſt way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,
And mouth at *Caſar* till I ſhake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocriſie's a ſtale Device,
A worn-out Trick: Wouldſt thou be thought in Earneſt?
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct Grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more, be ſure to try thy Skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll haſten to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Diſcontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we muſt work in Haſte:
O think what anxious Moments paſs between

The Birth of Plots, and their laſt fatal Periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!
Deſtruction hangs on ev'ry Word we ſpeak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and cloſes our Deſign. [*Exit.*

Syphax *ſolus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reaſon
This head-ſtrong Youth, and make him ſpurn at *Cato*.
The Time is ſhort, *Cæſar* comes ruſhing on us——
But hold! young *Juba* ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerved of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy Cares, and Diſcontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
Or carry Smiles and Sun-ſhine in my Face,
When Diſcontent ſits heavy at my Heart.
I have not yet ſo much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why do'ſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous Terms
Againſt the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?

Doſt

Doſt thou not ſee Mankind fall down before them,
And own the Force of their Superior Virtue?
Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
Amidſt our barren Rocks, and burning Sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that ſets this People up
Above your own *Numidia*'s tawny Sons!
Do they with Tougher Sinews bend the Bow?
Or flies the Javelin Swifter to its Mark,
Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm?
Who like our active *African* inſtructs
The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand?
Or guide's in Troops th'embattled Elephant,
Loaden with War? Theſe, theſe are Arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not ſtoop to *Rome*.

Jub. Theſe all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
Perfections that are placed in Bones and Nerves.
A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd World,
And lay it under the Reſtraint of Laws;
To make Man mild, and ſociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wiſdom, Diſcipline, and lib'ral Arts;
Th' Embelliſhments of Life: Virtues like theſe,
Make Human Nature ſhine, reform the Soul,
And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience kind Heav'ns!——Excuſe an old Man warmth.
What are theſe wond'rous civilizing Arts,
This *Roman* Poliſh, and this ſmooth Behaviour,

That

That render Man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our Paſſions,
To ſet our Looks at variance with our Thoughts,
To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other Creatures
Than what our Nature and the Gods deſign'd us?

Jub. To ſtrike thee Dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato!*
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a Godlike Height
The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his Friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing Sleep, and Reſt, and Food, and Eaſe,
He ſtrives with Thirſt and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
And when his Fortune ſets before him all
The Pomps and Pleaſures that his Soul can wiſh,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverſes our vaſt *Numidian* Deſarts
In queſt of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted Virtues.
Coarſe are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chaſe,
Amidſt the running Stream he ſlakes his Thirſt,
Toil's all the Day, and at th' approach of Night
On the firſt friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repaſt, or an Untaſted Spring,
Bleſſes his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't diſcern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleaſures, and the Baits of Senſe;
Where ſhall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majeſtick in his Griefs, like *Cato?*
Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadineſs of Mind,
He Triumphs in the midſt of all his Suff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods, that throw the Weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtineſs of Soul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoiciſm.*
Had not your Royal Father thought ſo highly
Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato*'s Cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd Army now have lain
On *Africk*'s Sands, diſfigur'd with their Wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia.*

Jub. Why do'ſt thou call my Sorrows up afreſh?
My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's Ills!

Jub. What wou'dſt thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato.*

Jub. Syphax, I ſhou'd be more than twice an Orphan
By ſuch a Loſs.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia*'s Charms
Work in your Heart unſeen, and plead for *Cato.*
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leaſt it ſhould take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never uſed me thus.
Alas, he's Dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
The fond Embraces, and repeated Bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt Farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad, Remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my Soul.
The good old King, at parting, wrung my Hand,
(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my Son!——his Grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
That beſt of Fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The Gratitude and Duty, which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his Councils in your Heart.

Jub. His Councils bade me yield to thy Directions;
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in ſevereſt Terms,
Vent all thy Paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flie's o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dſt: but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Caſar*'s Foes.

Jub. My Father ſcorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thouſand thouſand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph.

Syph. Rather ſay your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my Temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a Flame,
I long have ſtifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis eaſie to divert and break its Force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond Miſtreſs
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama*'s Royal Court
Have Faces fluſht with more exalted Charms;
The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale, unripen'd, Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Sett of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Senſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato*'s Soul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning Mildneſs and attractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praiſe!
But on my Knees I beg you wou'd conſider——

Enter

Enter Marcia *and* Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not ſhe!——She moves this Way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair Daughter.
My Heart beats thick——I prithee *Syphax* leave me.

Syph. Ten thouſand Curſes faſten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a ſingle Glance
Undo, what I've been lab'ring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Jub. Hail charming Maid! how does thy Beauty ſmooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror ſmile!
At Sight of Thee my Heart ſhakes off its Sorrows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Caſar*.

Mar. I ſhou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my Preſence
Unbent your Thoughts, and ſlacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wiſhes follow me to Battel!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my deſcending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempeſt on the Foe.

Mar. My Pray'rs and Wiſhes always ſhall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cauſe of Virtue,

And

And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deſerve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I ſhine like him.

Mar. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waſte
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are juſt,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll haſten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue.
If e're I lead them to the Field, when all
The War ſhall ſtand ranged in its juſt Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, Then will I think on Thee!
And, in the ſhock of charging Hoſts, remember
What glorious Deeds ſhou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Lucia, Marcia.

Luc. Marcia, you're too ſevere:
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with ſo ſtern an Air,
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honeſt Soul
Speak all ſo movingly in his Behalf,

I dare not truſt my ſelf to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight againſt ſo ſweet a Paſſion,
And ſteel your Heart to ſuch a World of Charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dſt thou have me ſink away
In pleaſing Dreams, and loſe my ſelf in Love,
When ev'ry moment *Cato*'s Life's at Stake?
Cæſar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:
Shou'd not the ſad Occaſion ſwallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Conſtancy of Mind,
Who have ſo many Griefs to try its Force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her ſofteſt Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Paſſions,
And ſunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by turns, oppreſs my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, diſburthen all thy Cares on me,
And let me ſhare thy moſt retired Diſtreſs;
Tell me who raiſes up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not bluſh to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Siſter's Eyes;
And often have reveal'd their Paſſion to me.
But tell me, whoſe Addreſs thou favour'ſt moſt?
I long to know, and yet I Dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wiſhes for?

Mar. For neither——
And yet for both——The Youths have equal Share
In *Marcia*'s Wiſhes, and divide their Siſter:
But tell me which of them is *Lucia*'s Choice?

Luc.

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Eſteem;
But in my Love —— Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'ſt it is a blind and fooliſh Paſſion,
Pleas'd and diſguſted with it knows not what ——
Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I muſt hereafter call my happy Brother?
Luc. Suppoſe 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you blame my Choice?
—— O *Portius*, thou haſt ſtol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderneſs he loves!
And breath's the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetneſs
Dwell ever on his Tongue, and ſmooth his Thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have ſo much Earneſtneſs and Paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of horrour,
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.
Mar. Alas poor Youth! how canſt thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the Love he bears thee;
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,
He ſends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy Youth! how will thy Coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and Storms in his afflicted Boſom!
I dread the Conſequence
Luc. You ſeem to plead
Againſt your Brother *Portius*
Mar. Heav'n forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unſucceſsful Lover,
The ſame Compaſſion wou'd have fall'n on him.

Luc.

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love diſtreſt like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Succeſs,
Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
Nor ſhow which Way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad Effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well how eaſily he's fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Deſpair,
But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find my ſelf involved
In endleſs Griefs, and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s Family,
And ſow Diſſention in the Hearts of Brothers.
Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
Our Lives, diſcolour'd with our preſent Woes,
May ſtill grow bright, and ſmile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of ruſhing Torrents, and deſcending Rains,
Works it ſelf clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour ſhines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Boſom ſhows. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SENATE.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato*'s Friends,
And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.
Luc. Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' Occaſion of our Meeting. Heark! he comes! [*A Sound of Trumpets.*
May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæſar's Approach has ſummon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring Man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his Crimes:
Pharſalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has ſince
Received his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæſar*'s.
Why ſhould I mention *Juba*'s Overthrow,
And *Scipio*'s Death? *Numidia*'s burning Sands

Still

Still ſmoak with Blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What Courſe to take. Our Foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n *Libya*'s ſultry Deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your Hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By Time and ill Succeſs to a Submiſſion?
Sempronius ſpeak.

Semp. My Voice is ſtill for War.
Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuſe, Slav'ry or Death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our Swords,
And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome Arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.
Riſe, Fathers, riſe! 'tis *Rome* demands your Help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd Citizens,
Or ſhare their Fate! The Corps of half her Senate
Manure the Fields of *Theſſaly*, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold Debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our Lives to Honour,
Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
Rouſe up for Shame! our Brothers of *Pharſalia*
Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud——To Battel!
Great *Pompey*'s Shade complain's that we are ſlow,
And *Scipio*'s Ghoſt walk's unrevenged amongſt us!

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reaſon:

True

True Fortitude is ſeen in great Exploits
That Juſtice warrant's, and that Wiſdom guide's,
All elſe is tow'ring Frenzy and Diſtraction.
Are not the Lives of thoſe, who draw the Sword
In *Rome*'s Defence, entruſted to our Care?
Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
Might not th' impartial World with Reaſon ſay
We laviſht at our Deaths the Blood of Thouſands,
To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on Peace.
Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
With Widows and with Orphans: *Scythia* mourn's
Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remoteſt Regions
Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome:*
'Tis time to ſheath the Sword, and ſpare Mankind.
It is not *Caſar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
The Gods declare againſt us, and repell
Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battel,
(Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' Awards of Providence,
And not to reſt in Heav'ns Determination.
Already have we ſhown our Love to *Rome*,
Now let us ſhow Submiſſion to the Gods.
We took up Arms, not to revenge our ſelves,
But free the Common-wealth; when this End fail's,
Arms have no further Uſe: Our Country's Cauſe,
That drew our Swords, now wreſts 'em from our Hands,
And bid's us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what Men could do

Is done already: Heav'n and Earth will witneſs,
If *Rome* muſt fall, that we are Innocent.

Semp. This ſmooth Diſcourſe and mild Behaviour oft
Conceal a Traytor—— Something whiſpers me
All is not right—— *Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Aſide to* Cato.

Cato. Let us appear nor Raſh nor Diffident:
Immod'rate Valour ſwell's into a Fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betray's like Treaſon. Let us ſhun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our Affairs,
Are grown thus deſp'rate. We have Bulwarks round us;
Within our Walls are Troops enured to Toil
In *Africk*'s Heats, and ſeaſon'd to the Sun;
Numidia's ſpacious Kingdom lie's behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young Prince's Call.
While there is Hope, do not diſtruſt the Gods;
But wait at leaſt till *Ceſar*'s near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why ſhould *Rome* fall a Moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
In its full Length, and ſpin it to the laſt.
So ſhall we gain ſtill one Day's Liberty;
And let me periſh, but, in *Cato*'s Judgment,
A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, this Moment, as I watch'd the Gates
Lodg'd on my Poſt, a Herald is arrived
From *Caſar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* Knight; he carrys in his Looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with *Cato*.

Cato. By your Permiſſion, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my Friend, but other Proſpects
Have looſed thoſe Ties, and bound him faſt to *Caſar*.
His Meſſage may determine our Reſolves.

SCENE II.

Decius, Cato.

Dec. Caſar ſends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Cou'd he ſend it
To *Cato's* ſlaughter'd Friends, it wou'd be welcome.
Are not your Orders to addreſs the Senate?

Dec. My Buſineſs is with *Cato: Caſar* ſees
The Streights, to which you're driv'n; and, as he knows
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for your Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome*:
Wou'd he ſave *Cato*? Bid him ſpare his Country.
Tell your Dictator this; and tell him, *Cato*
Diſdain's a Life, which he has Power to offer.

Dec. Rome and Her Senators ſubmit to *Caſar*;
Her Gen'rals and her Conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his Conqueſts, and denied his Triumphs.

Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæſar*'s Friend?

Cato. Thoſe very Reaſons, thou haſt urged, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've Orders to Expoſtulate,
And Reaſon with you, as from Friend to Friend:
Think on the Storm that gathers o'er your Head,
And threatens ev'ry Hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your Country's Honours,
Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæſar*.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its Eyes on *Cato*,
As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more!
I muſt not think of Life on ſuch Conditions.

Dec. Cæſar is well acquainted with your Virtues,
And therefore ſets this Value on your Life:
Let him but know the Price of *Cato*'s Friendſhip,
And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him diſband his Legions,
Reſtore the Common-wealth to Liberty,
Submit his Actions to the Publick Cenſure,
And ſtand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. Cato, the World talk's loudly of your Wiſdom------

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s Voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the Guilty, and to varniſh Crimes,
My ſelf will mount the *Roſtrum* in his Favour,
And ſtrive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile, like this, become's a Conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a Stile, like this, become's a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæſar*'s Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæſar*: he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec.

Dec. Conſider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the Head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the Mouths of *Rome* to ſecond you.

Cato. Let Him conſider That, who drives us hither:
'Tis *Cæſar*'s Sword has made *Rome*'s Senate Little,
And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye
Behold's this Man in a falſe Glaring Light,
Which Conqueſt and Succeſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With Murder, Treaſon, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That ſtrike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a Wretch
Beſet with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I ſwear, Millions of Worlds
Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæſar*.

Dec. Do's *Cato* ſend this Anſwer back to *Cæſar*,
For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendſhip?

Cato. His Cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous Man! The Gods take Care of *Cato*.
Wou'd *Cæſar* ſhow the Greatneſs of his Soul?
Bid him employ his Care for theſe my Friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
By ſheltring Men much better than himſelf.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You ruſh on your Deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The Tale of this unhappy Embaſſie,
All *Rome* will be in Tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

Sempronius, Lucius, Cato.

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee.
The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy Voice, thy Soul breathes Liberty:
Cæsar will ſhrink to hear the Words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his Conqueſts.

Luc. The Senate ownes its Gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with ſo great a Soul conſults its Safety,
And guards our Lives, while he neglects his own.

Semp *Sempronius* gives no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius ſeems fond of Life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh Air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be Free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its Reliſh.
O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword
In *Cæsar*'s Boſom, and revenge my Country,
By Heav'ns I cou'd Enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And Smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps
May ſerve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho 'tis not kindled into ſo much Rage.

Semp. This Sober conduct is a mighty Virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken ſtill the weaker Side,
By our Diviſions.

Semp

Semp. *Cato*, my Reſentments
Are ſacrificed to *Rome* —— I ſtand reproved.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Reſolve.
Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion.
Caſar's Behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out till Terms arrive.
Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.
Cato. Then let us riſe, my Friends, and ſtrive to fill
This little Interval, this Pauſe of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Reſolution, Friendſhip, *Roman* Brav'ry,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may ſay, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel —— The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

SCENE IV.

Cato, Juba.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has reſolv'd,
Till Time give better Proſpects, ſtill to keep
The Sword unſheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Caſar*.
Jub. The Reſolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condeſcend to hear a young Man ſpeak.
My Father, when ſome Days before his Death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his Death ſo near!)

Wept o'er me, preſt me in his aged Arms,
And, as his Griefs gave way, My Son, ſaid he,
Whatever Fortune ſhall befall thy Father,
Be *Cato*'s Friend; he'll train thee up to Great
And Virtuous Deeds: Do but obſerve him well,
Thou'lt Shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to Bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better Fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwiſe.

Jub. My Father's Fate,
In ſpight of all the Fortitude, that ſhines
Before my Face, in *Cato*'s great Example,
Subdues my Soul, and fills my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an Honeſt Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My Father drew Reſpect from foreign Climes:
The Kings of *Africk* fought him for their Friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame report's,
Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*,
In diſtant Worlds, on t'other ſide the Sun:
Oft have their black Ambaſſadors appeared,
Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatneſs.

Jub. I would not boaſt the Greatneſs of my Father,
But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our Cauſe, and court
Th' Aſſiſtance of my Father's pow'rful Friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remoteſt Kings
Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him;
Their ſwarthy Hoſts wou'd Darken all our Plains,

Doubling

Doubling the native Horrour of the War,
And making Death more grim.
Cato. And canſt thou think
Cato will Fly before the Sword of *Caſar?*
Reduced like *Hannibal*, to ſeek Relief
From Court to Court, and wander up and down,
A Vagabond in *Africk!*
Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Wou'd fain preſerve a Life of ſo much Value.
My Heart is wounded, when I ſee ſuch Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of ſuch Misfortunes.
Cato. Thy Nobleneſs of Soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that Valour ſoars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction.
Theſe are not Ills; elſe wou'd they never fall
On Heav'ns firſt Fav'rites, and the beſt of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occaſion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, which ſhun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth Seaſons, and the Calms of Life.
Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'ſt! I pant for Virtue!
And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.
Cato. Doſt thou love Watchings, Abſtinence, and Toil,
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato:*
Succeſs and Fortune muſt thou learn from *Caſar.*
Jub. The beſt good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole Succeſs, at which my Heart aſpires,

Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not my Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—— inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exact's Severity from all our Thoughts:
It is not now a Time to talk of aught
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [*Exit*.

SCENE V.

Syphax, Juba.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with Confusion?
You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now Chid you.

Jub.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And ſo will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him
The Weakneſs of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia.*

Syph. Cato's a proper Perſon to entruſt
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My fooliſh Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba?*

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* riſe, before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tyger ſlept,
Or ſeek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When firſt you rouſed him to the Chace! I've ſeen you,
Ev'n in the *Lybian* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and ſtooping from your Horſe
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Prithee, no more!

Syph. How wou'd the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the ſhaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. Syphax, this old-Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now loſe all its Sweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and *Marcia* loſt for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice,
Marcia might ſtill be Yours.

Jub. What ſay'ſt thou, *Syphax?*

By Heav'ns, thou turn'ſt me all into Attention.

Syph. *Marcia* might ſtill be Yours.

Jub. As how, Dear *Syphax?*

Syph. *Juba* command's *Numidia*'s hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unuſed to the Reſtraint
Of Curbs or Bittes, and fleeter than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll ſnatch this Damſel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can ſuch diſhoneſt Thoughts
Riſe up in Man! wou'dſt thou ſeduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd deſtroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
To real Miſchiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Wou'dſt thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

Syph. The boaſted Anceſtors of theſe great Men,
Whoſe Virtues you admire, were all ſuch Ruffians.
This dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæſar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(Theſe Gods on Earth) are all the ſpurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of raviſh'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* Wiles.

Syph. Indeed my Prince, you want to know the World,
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admires
The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman* Soul,
Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're Young.

Jub. Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanſwer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A falſe old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aſide.*

Jub. *Cato* ſhall know the Baſeneſs of thy Soul.

Syph. I muſt appeaſe this Storm, or periſh in it. [*Aſide.*
Young Prince, behold theſe Locks, that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Thoſe Locks ſhall ne'er protect thy Inſolence.

Syph. Muſt one raſh Word, th' Infirmity of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
——Curſe on the Boy! How ſteadily he hears me! [*Aſide.*

Jub. Is it becauſe the Throne of my Fore-fathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe Head it ſhall encloſe,
Thou thus preſumeſt to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with ſuch Expreſſions?
Do's not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why do's he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and cruſh beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aſpires to?
Is it not this? to ſhed the ſlow Remains,
His laſt poor Ebb of Blood, in your Defence?

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I wou'd not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,

My

My royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an Action, which my Soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was This thy Motive? I have been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for This my Prince has call'd me Traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* Loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aid's and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And Imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'ns
I'm ravisht when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.

Happy

Happy the People, who preſerve their Honour
By the ſame Duties, that oblige their Prince!
Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thy ſelf.
Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For Breach of publick Vows. Our *Punick* Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.
Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk —— but 'tis with Tears of Joy.
If e're your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by *Cato*'s Lectures.
Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardneſs of Age:
Thy Prince eſteems thy Worth, and loves thy Perſon;
If e're the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my Kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindneſs?
My Joy grows burdenſome, I ſha'n't ſupport it.
Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt Occaſion that may ſet me right
In *Cato*'s Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers. [*Exit.*

Syphax *ſolus.*

Young Men ſoon give, and ſoon forget Affronts;
Old Age is ſlow in both —— A falſe old Traitor!
Thoſe Words, raſh Boy, may chance to coſt thee dear;
My Heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh Fondneſs for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds: ——
Caſar, I'm wholly Thine ——

Enter

SCENE VI.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius!*
Well, *Cato*'s Senate is reſolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege, before it yields.
Semp. Syphax, we both were on the Verge of Fate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a Meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Shou'd they ſubmit, ere our Deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common Wreck,
Loſt in a gen'ral Undiſtinguiſht Ruin.
Syph. But how ſtands *Cato?*
Semp. Thou haſt ſeen Mount *Atlas:*
While Storms and Tempeſts thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It ſtands unmoved, and glories in its Height.
Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midſt all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on *Cæſar*.
Syph. But what's this Meſſenger?
Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?
Syph. Yes,——but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reaſon on him,
Sooth'd and carreſs'd, been angry, ſooth'd again,

Lay'

Lay'd Safety, Life, and Int'reſt in his Sight,
But all are vain, he ſcorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we ſhall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And ſerve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou haſt forſook
Thy *Juba*'s Cauſe, and wiſheſt *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May ſhe be thine as faſt as thou wou'dſt have her!

Semp. Syphax, I love that Woman; tho' I curſe
Her and my ſelf, yet ſpight of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* ſure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæſar will ne'er refuſe thee ſuch a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepared for a Revolt?
Do's the Sedition Catch from Man to Man,
And Run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready.
The factious Leaders are our Friends, that ſpread
Murmurs and Diſcontents among the Soldiers.
They count their toilſome Marches, long Fatigues,
Unuſual Faſtings, and will bear no more
This Medly of Philoſophy and War.
Within an Hour they'll ſtorm the Senate-Houſe.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* Troops
Within the Square, to exerciſe their Arms,
And, as I ſee Occaſion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unſhaken *Cato*
Will look aghaſt, while unforeſeen Deſtruction
Pou'rs in upon him thus from every Side.
So, where our wide *Numidian* Waſtes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes deſcend,

Lay'd

Wheel

Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,
Tear up the Sands, and ſweep whole Plains away.
The helpleſs Traveller, with wild Surprize,
Sees the dry Deſart all around him riſe,
And, ſmother'd in the duſty Whirlwind Dies.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus *and* Portius.

MARCUS.

THANKS to my Stars, I have not ranged about
The Wilds of Life, ere I could find a Friend;
Nature firſt pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And Early taught me, by her ſecret Force,
To love thy Perſon, ere I knew thy Merit;
Till, what was Inſtinct, grew up into Friendſhip.

Port. Marcus, the Friendſhips of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleaſure;
Ours has ſevereſt Virtue for its Baſis,
And ſuch a Friendſhip end's not but with Life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'ſt my Soul in all its Weakneſs;
Then prithee ſpare me on its tender Side,
Indulge me but in Love, my other Paſſions
Shall riſe and fall by Virtue's niceſt Rules.

Port. When Love's well-timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft Captivity together.
I wou'd not urge thee to diſmiſs thy Paſſion,

(I

(I know 'twere vain) but to ſuppreſs its Force,
Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'ſt like one who never felt
Th'impatient Throbbs and Longings of a Soul,
That pants, and reaches after diſtant Good.
A Lover dos not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s Abſence
Life Hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden;
And yet, when I Behold the charming Maid,
I'm ten-times more undone; while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love, riſe up at once,
And with Variety of Pain diſtract me.

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help?

Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'ſt the Fair One's Preſence:
Then undertake my Cauſe, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence
Fraternal Love and Friendſhip can inſpire.
Tell her thy Brother languiſhes to Death,
And fades away, and withers in his Bloom;
That he forgets his Sleep, and loaths his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joyleſs to him:
Deſcribe his anxious Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
And all the Torments that thou ſeeſt me ſuffer.

Port. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an Office,
That ſuits with me ſo ill. Thou knowſt my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me ſinking in my Woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
To raiſe me from amidſt this Plunge of Sorrows?

Port. *Marcus*, thou canſt not ask what I'd refuſe,
But here believe me I've a thouſand Reaſons——

Marc.

Marc. I know thoult ſay my Paſſion's out of Seaſon,
That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
Should Both conſpire to drive it from my Thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wiſh
Thou didſt but know thy ſelf what 'tis to love!
Then woudſt thou pity and aſſiſt thy Brother.

Port. What ſhoud I do! If I diſcloſe my Paſſion
Our Friendſhip's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me falſe to a Friend and Brother.
[*Aſide.*

Marc. But ſee where *Lucia*, at her wonted Hour,
Amid the Cool of yon high Marble Arch,
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Obſerve her, *Portius*!
That Face, that Shape, thoſe Eyes, that Heav'n of Beauty!
Obſerve her well, and blame me if thou can'ſt.

Port. She ſees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius*,
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Lucia, Portius.

Luc. Did not I ſee your Brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the Place, and ſhun my Preſence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to ſhow
His Rage of Love; it preys upon his Life;
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His Paſſions and his Virtues lie confuſed,

And

And mixt together in ſo wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite diſfigur'd in him.
Heav'ns! wou'd one think 'twere poſſible for Love
To make ſuch Ravage in a noble Soul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm diſtreſs'd! my Heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy Preſence,
A ſecret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou ſmileſt upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendſhip! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might enſure
Our mutual Bliſs, wou'd raiſe to ſuch a Height
Thy Brother's Griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what doſt thou think, my *Lucia*?
His gen'rous, open, undeſigning Heart
Has beg'd his Rival to ſollicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a Denial,
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:
Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I ſee thy Siſter's Tears,
Thy Father's Anguiſh, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Purſuit of our ill-fated Loves.
And, *Portius*, here I ſwear, to Heav'n I ſwear,
To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While ſuch a Cloud of Miſchiefs hangs about us.
But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far——as I am able.

Port.

Port. What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunder-ſtruck!——
Recall
Thoſe haſty Words, or I am loſt for ever.
Luc. Has not the Vow already paſs'd my Lips?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in Heav'n.
May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
[*After a Pauſe,*
Port. Fixt in Aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a Stroak from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath!
Luc. At length I've acted my ſevereſt Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart! my Tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.
Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!
Luc. Oh ſtop thoſe Sounds,
Thoſe killing Sounds! Why doſt thou frown upon me?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,
And Life its ſelf goes out at thy Diſpleaſure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate and live!
Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'ſt its Force,
I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of fancied Bliſs. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, ſtill ſound's
In my ſtunn'd Ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Preſence,

And Horror dwells about thee!——Hah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my Raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! thou beſt
And lovely'ſt of thy Sex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* ruſhes on his Sword to join thee.
——Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They ſhut not out Society in Death——
But Hah! She moves! Life wander's up and down
Through all her Face, and Light's up ev'ry Charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well!——to frown on Her
That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in Doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That love's thee more than ever Woman lov'd!
——What do I ſay? My half-recover'd Senſe
Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us! We muſt part.

Port. Name not the Word, my frighted Thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into Madneſs at the Sound.

Luc. What wou'dſt thou have me do? Conſider well
The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think, thou ſee'ſt thy dying Brother
Stabb'd at his Heart, and all beſmear'd with Blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the Cauſe, th'accurſed Cauſe,
That robbs him of his Son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tear's her Hair, and frantick in her Griefs
Calls out on *Lucia!* What cou'd *Lucia* anſwer?
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a Scene of Sorrow!

Port. To my Confuſion, and Eternal Grief,
I muſt approve the Sentence that deſtroys me.
The Miſt, that hung about my Mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy Charms.
Lovely'ſt of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

Luc. Portius, no more! thy Words ſhoot thro' my Heart,
Melt my Reſolves, and turn me all to Love.
Why are thoſe Tears of Fondneſs in thy Eyes?
Why heaves thy Heart? Why ſwells thy Soul with Sorrow?
It ſoftens me too much——Farewell, my *Portius*,
Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, For-ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, ſtay! What do'ſt thou ſay? For-ever?

Luc. Have I not ſworn? If, *Portius*, thy Succeſs
Muſt throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewell,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th'unſteady Flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its Hold.
——Thou muſt not go, my Soul ſtill hovers o'er thee
And can't get looſe.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* ſhake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* ſuffers!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for Storm of Ills falls on me,

It beats down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

Luc. What do'ſt thou ſay? Not part?
Haſt thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, and Thunder, o'er us!
——But ſee! thy Brother *Marcus* bend's this way!
I ſicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Marcus, Portius.

Marc. Portius, what Hopes? how ſtands She? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death?

Port. What wou'dſt thou have me ſay?

Marc. What means this penſive Poſture? thou appear'ſt
Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've Reaſon.

Marc. Thy down-caſt Looks, and thy diſorder'd Thoughts
Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Succeſs
My Cauſe has found.

Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Mar. What? do's the barb'rous Maid inſult my Heart,
My akeing Heart! and triumph in my Pains?
That I cou'd caſt her from my Thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your Griefs;
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of Love,
Compaſſionates your Pains, and pities you.

Marc.

Marc. Compaſſionates my Pains, and pities me!
What is Compaſſion when 'tis void of Love!
Fool that I was to chuſe ſo cold a Friend
To urge my Cauſe! Compaſſionates my Pains!
Prithee what Art, what Rhet'rick did'ſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty Boon? She Pities me!
To one that asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compaſſion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death——

Port. Marcus, no more! have I deſerved this Treatment?

Marc. What have I ſaid! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A Soul exaſp'rated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its Friend, its ſelf—— But hah!
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?
What new Alarm?

Port. A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more Full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for ſome glorious Cauſe to fall in Battel!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me! thy Diſdain
Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death muſt give me Eaſe.

Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s Life
Stand ſure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sempronius *with the Leaders of the Mutiny.*

Semp. At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up

In its full Fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has ſpent it ſelf on *Cato*'s Head.
Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and ſeem
One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be ſafe. [*Exit.*

1 *Lead.* We all are ſafe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.
But hearк! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt:
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Reſt;
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

SCENE V.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, *and* Marcus.

Cato. Where are theſe bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General ſend a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curſe on their Daſtard Souls, they ſtand aſtoniſh'd! [*Aſide.*

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus diſhonour
Your paſt Exploits, and ſully all your Wars?
Do you confeſs 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirſt of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but Hopes to ſhare the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces?
Fired with ſuch Motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s Foes, and follow *Caſar*'s Banners.

Why

Why did I 'ſcape th' invenom'd Aſpic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monſters of the Deſart,
To ſee this Day? Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Boſom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injured ſtrike the Blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater Ills than *Cato?*
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!
Painful Pre-eminence!

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop!
Confuſion to the Villains! All is loſt. [*Aſide.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia*'s burning Waſte,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poiſon?
Who was the firſt to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream
You ſunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your Hoſt that thirſted?

Semp. If ſome penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato,*
Did he not daſh th' untaſted Moiſture from him?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Duſt? Did not his Temples glow
In the ſame ſultry Winds, and ſcorching Heats?

Cato. Hence worthleſs Men! Hence! and complain to *Cæſar*
You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardſhips that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, ſee th'unhappy Men! they weep!
Fear, and Remorſe, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honeſt Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

Semp. *Cato*, commit theſe Wretches to my Care.
Firſt let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and ſee their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. *Sempronius*, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dſt thou clear Rebellion!
Lucius, (good Man) pities the poor Offenders
That wou'd imbrue their Hands in *Cato*'s Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius!* —— See they ſuffer Death,
But in their Deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degen'rate Age requires
Severity, and Juſtice in its Rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws.
When by juſt Vengeance guilty Mortals periſh,

The

The Gods behold their Puniſhment with Pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunder-Bolt aſide.
Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with Pleaſure.
Cato. Mean-while we'll ſacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of ſo much Blood)
O let it never periſh in your Hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your Children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our Souls,
And make our Lives in thy Poſſeſſion happy,
Or our Deaths glorious in thy juſt Defence. [*Exe.* Cato, *&c.*

SCENE VI.

Sempronius *and the Leaders of the Mutiny.*

1 *Lead. Sempronius*, you have acted like your Self,
One wou'd have thought you had been half in Earneſt.
Semp. Villain, ſtand off! baſe grov'ling worthleſs Wretches,
Mongrils in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors!
2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the Maſk, there are none here but Friends.
Semp. Know, Villains, when ſuch paltry Slaves preſume
To mix in Treaſon, if the Plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it fails,
They're ſure to die like Dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious Monſters, dragg 'em forth
To ſudden Death. *Enter*

Enter Guards.

1 *Lead.* Nay, ſince it comes to this ——

Semp. Diſpatch 'em quick, but firſt pluck out their Tongues,
Leaſt with their dying Breath they ſow Sedition.

[*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.*

SCENE VII.

Syphax *and* Sempronius.

Syph. Our firſt Deſign, my Friend, has proved abortive;
Still there remains an After-game to play:
My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds
Snuff up the Wind, and long to ſcow'r the Deſart:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppoſe our Paſſage.
A Day will bring us into *Cæſar's* Camp.

Semp. Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my Purpoſe.
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the ſoft
Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderneſs of Love.
Syphax, I long to claſp that haughty Maid,
And bend her ſtubborn Virtue to my Paſſion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd caſt her off.

Syph.

Syph. Well ſaid! that's ſpoken like thy ſelf, *Sempronius.*
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force?

Semp. But how to gain Admiſſion? for Acceſs
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou ſhalt have *Juba*'s Dreſs, and *Juba*'s Guards:
The Doors will open, when *Numidia*'s Prince
Seems to appear before the Slaves, that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my Boſom ſwell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her ſtrugling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and diſorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breaſt, and vary in her Face!
So *Pluto*, ſeiz'd of *Proſerpine*, convey'd
To Hell's tremendous Gloom th'affrighted Maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-ſhine and his Skies.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia *and* Marcia.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
If thou believ'ſt 'tis poſſible for Woman
To ſuffer greater Ills than *Lucia* ſuffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-ſwoln Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Looſe to Sorrow:
Marcia cou'd anſwer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*;
But which of theſe has Pow'r to charm like *Portius!*

Marc. Still muſt I beg thee not to name *Sempronius?*
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſt'rous Man:
Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Heroe
Adds ſofteſt Love, and more than Female Sweetneſs;
Juba might make the proudeſt of our Sex,
Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your Thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his Daughter has no Right
To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But ſhou'd this Father give you to *Sempronius?*

Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he ſhou'd——
Why wilt thou add to all the Griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?
I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this Way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter Thought in Senſe of preſent Danger.
When Love once pleads Admiſſion to our Hearts
(In ſpight of all the Virtue we can boaſt)
The Woman that Deliberates is loſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sempronius, *dreſs'd like* Juba, *with* Numidian *Guards.*

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd. I've trackt her to her Covert.
Be ſure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your Prey.
Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
——How will the young *Numidian* rave, to ſee
His Miſtreſs loſt? If aught cou'd glad my Soul,
Beyond th' Enjoyment of ſo bright a Prize,
'Twou'd be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
——But hark, what Noiſe! Death to my Hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s ſelf! there is but one Way left——
He muſt be murder'd, and a Paſſage cut
Through thoſe his Guards.——Hah, Daſtards, do you tremble!
Or act like Men, or by yon azure Heav'n——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I ſee? Who's this, that dares uſurp
The Guards and Habit of *Numidia*'s Prince?

Semp. One that was born to ſcourge thy Arrogance,
Preſumptuous Youth!

Jub. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Semp. My Sword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbrous Man!

[Semp. *falls. His Guards ſurrender.*

Semp. Curſe on my Stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a Boy's Hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dreſs, and for a worthleſs Woman?
Gods, I'm Diſtracted! This my Cloſe of Life!
O for a Peal of Thunder that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato* tremble!

[*Dies.*

Jub. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke looſe,
And left the Limbs ſtill quiv'ring on the Ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe Slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark Deſign, this Myſtery of Fate.

[*Exit* Juba *with Priſoners*, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter Lucia *and* Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the Claſh of Swords; my troubled Heart Is

Is ſo caſt down, and ſunk amidſt its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound.
O *Marcia*, ſhou'd thy Brothers for my Sake!——
I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, ſee! here's Blood! here's Blood and Murder!
Hah! a *Numidian!* Heav'ns preſerve the Prince:
The Face lies muffled up within the Garment.
But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,
And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the lovelieſt Youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy Aſſiſtance
Thy wonted Strength, and Conſtancy of Mind;
Thou can'ſt not put it to a greater Tryal.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience.
Have I not cauſe to rave, and beat my Breaſt,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run diſtracted!

Luc. What can I think or ſay to give thee Comfort?

Mar. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
Behold a Sight, that ſtrike's all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba *liſtning.*

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Deſpair,
That Man, that beſt of Men, deſerv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the falſe *Sempronius*
That beſt of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Luc.

Luc. Here will I ſtand, Companion in thy Woes,
And help thee with my Tears, when I behold
A Loſs like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to eaſe my tortur'd Breaſt.
This empty World, to me a joyleſs Deſart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack! Was he ſo near her Heart?

Marc. Oh he was all made up of Love and Charms,
Whatever Maid cou'd wiſh, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A ſecret Pleaſure gladned all that ſaw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt *Roman* bluſh'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wiſe.

Jub. I ſhall run Mad——

Marc. O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*

Jub. What means that Voice? did ſhe not call on *Juba?*

Mac. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding Heart,
Amidſt its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the laſt Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapleſs Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba!*

Jub. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Eliſium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the moſt lov'd of Men!
Nor Modeſty nor Virtue here forbid
A laſt Embrace, while thus——

Jub. See, *Marcia*, ſee, [*Throwing himſelf before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch

That

That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerneſs of Love.

Marc. With Pleaſure and Amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Diſguiſed like *Juba* on a curs'd Deſign.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father knows it all. I cou'd not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the haſte of Love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am wrapp'd with Joy to ſee my *Marcia*'s Tears.

Marc. I've been ſurprized in an unguarded Hour,
But muſt not now go back: The Love, that lay
Half ſmother'd in my Breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak Reſtraints, and burns in its full Luſtre,
I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm loſt in Extaſie! and do'ſt thou Love,
Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And do'ſt thou Live to aſk it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preſerving!
Such Life as *Juba* never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my ſelf how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Miſtake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia!*

Jub. My Joy! my beſt Beloved! my only Wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the Tranſport of my Soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh let me reſt upon it!——
The Vital Blood, that had forſook my Heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment.——
O Prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But Fate has wreſted the Confeſſion from me;
Go on, and proſper in the Paths of Honour,
Thy Virtue will excuſe my Paſſion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

[*Ex.* Marc. *and* Luc.

Jub. I am ſo bleſs'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt Unkindneſs. I abſolve my Stars.
What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces to ſwell the Victor's Triumph?
Juba will never at his Fate repine;
Let *Cæſar* have the World, if *Marcia*'s mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A March at a Diſtance.

Enter Cato *and* Lucius.

Luc. I ſtand aſtoniſh't! What, the bold *Sempronius!*
That ſtill broke foremoſt through the Croud of Patriots,
As with a Hurricane of Zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to Madneſs——

Cato.

Cato. Truſt me, *Lucius*,
Our civil Diſcords have produced ſuch Crimes,
Such monſtrous Crimes, I am ſurprized at nothing.
——O *Lucius*, I am ſick of this bad World!
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But ſee where *Portius* comes! What means this Haſte?
Why are thy Looks thus changed?
Port. My Heart is griev'd.
I bring ſuch News as will afflict my Father.
Cato. Has *Cæſar* ſhed more *Roman* Blood?
Port. Not ſo.
The Traytor *Syphax*, as within the Square
He exerciſed his Troops, the Signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horſe
To the South Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
I ſaw, and call'd to ſtop him, but in vain,
He toſt his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not ſtay and periſh like *Sempronius*.
Cato. Perfidious Men! But haſte my Son, and ſee
Thy Brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s Part. [*Exit* Portius.
——*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice give's Way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is *Cæſar*'s: *Cato* has no Buſineſs in it.
Luc. While Pride, Oppreſſion, and Injuſtice reign,
The World will ſtill demand her *Cato*'s Preſence.
In Pity to Mankind, ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And reconcile thy Mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to ſwell the Number
Of *Cæſar*'s Slaves, or by a baſe Submiſſion
Give up the Cauſe of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impoſe on *Cato*
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confeſs
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæſar*'s.

Cato. Curſe on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.
Such Popular Humanity is Treaſon——
But ſee young *Juba!* the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deſerves Compaſſion.

Enter Juba.

Jub. I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Preſence, *Cato.*

Cato. What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian.*

Cato. And a brave one too,
Thou haſt a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falſhood and Fraud ſhoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes——*Rome* has its *Cæſars.*

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Diſtreſs'd.

Cato. 'Tis juſt to give Applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy Virtue, Prince, has ſtood the Teſt of Fortune,
Like pureſt Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Jub.

Jub. What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd Heart
O'erflows with ſecret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praiſe, O *Cato*, than *Numidia*'s Empire.

Re-enter Portius.

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus* ——
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forſook his Poſt? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em paſs?
Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Born on the Shields of his ſurviving Soldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He ſtood the Shock of a whole Hoſt of Foes,
Till obſtinately Brave, and bent on Death,
Oppreſt with Multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm ſatisfy'd.
Port. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the falſe Heart of *Syphax*:
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.
Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, beſure thou place
His Urne near mine.
Port. Long may they keep aſunder!
Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!

The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato *meeting the Corps.*

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him down, my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody Coarſe, and count thoſe glorious Wounds.
——How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!
Who would not be that Youth? what Pity is it
That we can die but Once to ſerve our Country!
——Why ſits this Sadneſs on your Brows, my Friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if *Cato*'s Houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a Civil War.
—— *Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this! [*Aſide.*

Cato. Alas my Friends!
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private Loſs
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.
The Miſtreſs of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurſe of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And ſet the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! *Rome* fills his Eyes
With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son.
[*Aſide.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has ſubdu'd,
The Sun's whole Courſe, the Day and Year, are *Cæſar*'s.
For him the ſelf-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæſar*. Oh my Friends!
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curſt Ambition!
Fall'n into *Cæſar*'s Hands! Our great Fore-Fathers
Had left him nought to Conquer but his Country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæſar* will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlaved, and be aſhamed of Empire.

Cato. Cæſar aſhamed! Has not he ſeen *Pharſalia!*

Luc. Cato, 'tis Time thou ſave thy ſelf and us.

Cato. Loſe not a Thought on me. I'm out of Danger,
Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay I conquer'd *Cato.*
But oh! my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart
With anxious Thoughts: A thouſand ſecret Terrors,
Riſe in my Soul: How ſhall I ſave my Friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæſar,* I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæſar has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
That I my ſelf, with Tears, requeſt it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain *Numidia,*
Or ſeek the Conqueror?——

Juba.

Jub. If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba!*

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee Great; at *Rome*, hereafter,
'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato*'s Friend.
Portius, draw near! My Son, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State,
Wreſtling with Vice and Faction: Now thou ſee'ſt me
Spent, overpow'r'd, deſpairing of Succeſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great *Cenſor* toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*,
Content thy ſelf to be Obſcurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Poſt of Honour is a private Station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recommend
A Life to *Portius*, that he ſcorns himſelf.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not truſt the Victor's Clemency,
Know, there are Ships prepared by my Command,
(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſht-for Port.
Is there aught elſe, my Friends, I can do for you?
The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier Climes, and on a ſafer Shore,
Where *Caſar* never ſhall approach us more.

There

[*Pointing to his dead Son.*

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cauſe expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' ſtill, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune, croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not loſt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato ſolus, *ſitting in a thoughtful Poſture: In his Hand* Plato's *Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

IT muſt be ſo——*Plato*, thou reaſon'ſt well!——
Elſe whence this pleaſing Hope, this fond Deſire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this ſecret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
Back on her ſelf, and ſtartles at Deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n its ſelf, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded Proſpect, lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He muſt delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.

But

But when! or where!——This World was made for *Cæſar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures——This muſt end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The Soul, ſecur'd in her Exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with Age, and Nature ſink in Years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidſt the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter, and the Cruſh of Worlds.

What means this Heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and harraſs'd out with Care,
Sinks down to Reſt. This once I'll favour her.
That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
Renew'd in all her Strength, and freſh with Life,
An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
Diſturb Man's Reſt: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his Choice to ſleep or die.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Cato, Portius.

Cato. But hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intruſion?
Were not my Orders that I woud be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?
Port. Alas, my Father!
What means this Sword? this Inſtrument of Death?
Let me convey it hence!
Cato. Raſh Youth, forbear!
Port. O let the Pray'rs, th' Entreaties of your Friends,
Their Tears, their common Danger, wreſt it from you.
Cato. Wou'dſt thou betray me? Wou'dſt thou give me up
A Slave, a Captive, into *Caſar*'s Hands?
Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
Or know, young Man!——
Port. Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm Maſter of my ſelf.
Now, *Caſar*, let thy Troops beſet our Gates,
And barr each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
O'er-ſpread the Sea, and ſtop up ev'ry Port;
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a Paſſage,
And mock Thy Hopes——
Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,
Whoſe Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt Time

I e'er ſhall call you ſo! Be not diſpleaſed,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And, in the Anguiſh of my Heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful Purpoſe of your Soul!

Cato. Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.
The righteous Gods, whom I have ſought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour *Cato*, and preſerve his Children.

Port. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my Conduct.
Thy Father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my Son, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy Father's Friends; ſee them embarked;
And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.
My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
The ſoft Refreſhment of a Moment's Sleep. [*Exit.*

Port. My Thoughts are more at Eaſe, my Heart revives.

SCENE III.

Portius *and* Marcia.

Port. O *Marcia*, O my Siſter, ſtill there's Hope!
Our Father will not caſt away a Life
So needful to us all, and to his Country.
He is retired to Reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of Peace. He has diſpatcht me hence
With Orders, that beſpeak a Mind compoſed,
And ſtudious for the Safety of his Friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his Slumbers. [*Exit.*

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Juſt,
Watch round his Couch, and ſoften his Repoſe,
Baniſh his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With eaſie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And ſhow Mankind that Goodneſs is your Care.

SCENE IV.

Lucia *and* Marcia.

Luc. Where is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Marc. *Lucia*, ſpeak low, he is retired to Reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning Hope
Riſe in my Soul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humane Frailty,
Or pardon Weakneſs, that he never felt.

Marc. Though ſtern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
He is all Goodneſs, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his Friends.
Fill'd with Domeſtick Tenderneſs, the beſt,
The kindeſt Father! I have ever found him
Eaſie, and good, and bounteous to my Wiſhes.

Luc. 'Tis his Conſent alone can make us bleſs'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplex'd, Diſtreſs.
The cruel Hand of Fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

Marc. And ever ſhall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc.

Luc. Has ſet my Soul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s Thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may diſpoſe of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy ſelf?
Marc. Let him but live! commit the reſt to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O *Marcia*, I have ſeen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r inviſible ſupports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretcht at Eaſe, his Fancy loſt
In pleaſing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He ſmiled, and cry'd, *Ceſar* thou can'ſt not hurt me.
Marc. His Mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful Thought.
Luc. Lucia, why all this Grief, theſe Floods of Sorrow?
Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are ſafe
While *Cato* lives—His Preſence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Juba. Lucius, the Horſemen are return'd from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Poſture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort Hour's March.
On the high Point of yon bright Weſtern Tower
We kenn them from afar, the ſetting Sun
Plays on their ſhining Arms and burniſh'd Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc.

Luc. *Marcia*, 'tis time we ſhou'd awake thy Father.
Caſar is ſtill diſpoſed to give us Terms,
And waits at Diſtance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks ſpeak ſomewhat of Importance.
What Tidings doſt thou bring? methinks I ſee
Unuſual Gladneſs ſparkling in thy Eyes.

Port. As I was haſting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Paſſage,
Accuſe the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
From *Pompey*'s Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouſes the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
Aſſert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
But heark! What means that Groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my Father's Preſence. [*Exit.*

Luc. *Cato*, amidſt his Slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild Diſorder of his Soul
Mourns o'er his Country; Hah! a ſecond Groan!——
Heav'n guard us all——

Marc. Alas, 'tis not the Voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound——

Re-enter

Re-enter Portius.

Port. O Sight of Woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword ——
Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the Horrours of thy mournful Tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.
Port. I've rais'd him up,
And placed him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gaſps for Breath, and, as his Life flows from him,
Demands to ſee his Friends. His weeping Servants,
Obſequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[*The Back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Cato.

Marc. O Heav'n aſſiſt me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the laſt ſad Duties to my Father.
Juba. Theſe are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *Ceſar!*
Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed! ——

[Cato *brought forward in his Chair.*

Cato. Here ſet me down ——
Portius come near me —— are my Friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their Service?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
——O *Lucius*, art thou here? —— Thou art too good! ——
Let this our Friendſhip live between our Children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.
Alas poor Man, he weeps! —— *Marcia*, my Daughter ——
——O bend me forward! —— *Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* ſurvived,

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But *Cæsar*'s Arms have thrown down all Distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman* ——
——I'm sick to Death —— O when shall I get loose
From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow! ——
——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in
On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that search
The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not! ——
The best may Erre, but you are Good, and——oh! [*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* Breast; O *Cato*! O my Friend!
Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,
And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.
From hence, let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from Civil Discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,
And give up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,
Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
And robbs the Guilty World of *Cato*'s Life.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

End of the Fifth Act.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

WHAT odd fantaſtick Things we Women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young Lovers woo?
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Coſt;
To give you Pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of Virginity ſhou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh Reſolves —— you may:
Be ſpightful —— and believe the thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid Nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your Fears?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your ſelves wou'd chuſe,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuſe:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt Succeſs that ſettles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a Coach and Six.
Blame not our Conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively Leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breaſts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth uſurps the Pow'r of Charms;
What Pains to get the Gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!

EPILOGUE.

At Plays you ogle, at the Ring you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
There, Golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddeſs that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artleſs, and the Thoughts ſincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts leſs coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel Tranſport in its Chains.
Sighs with Succeſs their own ſoft Anguiſh tell,
And Eyes ſhall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.
The Fair ſhall liſten to Deſert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *Son.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM